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Dedication

I dedicate this this to PipSqueakLiber for being such a good friend to both me and Brooke_Writer. You've been working hard on writing, and keep up the good work!

Allegiances

RiverClan

Leader: Minnowtail- orange tabby she-cat

Deputy: Tanglebrook- black and white tom

Medicine Cat: Aspencloud- orange and black she-cat

Warriors:
Foxclaw - dark ginger tom
Whiteear - black tom with a white ear
Iceleap - white she-cat
Mossfur - brown and white tabby she-cat
Rainleaf - tortoishell she-cat
Cloudwhisker - white tom
Curlfeather - beige she-cat
Fallowspring - orange she-cat
Bramblefang- brown tom with green eyes and markings on his muzzle
Troutsplash- brown tabby tom with green

Queens:
Poppythorn- brown and white she-cat, expecting Foxclaw's kits

Elders:
Stonepad - large light gray tom
Lakestrike - white and gray tabby she-cat

ShadowClan:

Leader: Thistlestar- Dark brown tabby tom
Apprentice, Needlepaw

Deputy: Lighteye- white she-cat who is missing her left eye

Medicine Cat: Clawfang- light brown and white tom

Warriors:
Quaildrop- small gray tom
Thorntalon- black and brown tabby tom
Slatefern- brown she-cat with a torn ear
Pinefur- dark brown tabby tom
Apprentice, Grasspaw
Ryewind- light brown and white she-cat
Scorchpelt- orange tabby tom
Pricklemask- light grey she-cat with spiky fur
Cinderflame- dark orange she-cat
Apprentice, Swamppaw
Owlbreeze- brown tabby tom
Brackentail- dark brown tom
Oatstem- beige tabby she-cat
Nightflower- black she-cat
Apprentice, Rubypaw
Oliveblaze- ginger tom
Tigerlily- brown and orange tabby she-cat

Apprentices:
Rubypaw- orange and white she-cat
Grasspaw- brown she-cat
Swamppaw- gray tabby tom
Needlepaw- brown tabby she-cat

Queens:
Cloudshine- white she-cat was blue eyes, mother of Pinefur's kit:
Applekit (light brown tom)

ThunderClan:

Leader: Runningstar- light brown tom

Deputy: Sootfoot- light grey tom

Medicine Cat: Whiteflower- white she-cat

Warriors:
Tigershadow- dark tabby she-cat
Sweetsky- light brown tabby she-cat
Starsong- light orange she-cat

Nettlefur- brown tom
Scarshade- black tom with a scar running from ear to nose
Apprentice, Fernpaw
Shadetail- white tom with a black tail
Badgerwasp- brown tabby tom
Beetlenose- light brown tom
Mallowface- creamy colored she-cat
Frosttuft- white she-cat with icy blue eyes
Antmoon- dark grey tom
Maggotclaw- ginger she-cat
Sandyflower- pale ginger she-cat
Wolfjump- dark grey tom

Apprentices:
Fernpaw- light brown tabby she-cat

Queens:
Smallcloud- white and light brown tabby she-cat, mother of Antmoon's kits: Rockkit (grey tom), Lightningkit (brown tabby tom), and Stormkit (grey and white she-cat)

Elders:
Eagleleap- dark brown and light brown tom

WindClan:

Leader: Swiftstar- small grey she-cat

Deputy: Acornwind- light brown tabby tom

Medicine Cat: Beechsong- beige tabby she-cat

Warriors:
Cedarmist- dark ginger she-cat
Dewpoppy- light gray tom
Ferretstripe- dark brown tabby tom
Flyclaw- dark gray tom
Copperpelt- ginger she-cat
Phoenixclaw- ginger tabby she-cat
Apprentice, Heatherpaw
Piketalon- light brown tom

Grayfur- large gray tom
Buzzardtail- brown tabby she-cat
Cloudsong- white and beige she-cat
Fallowrun- light brown tabby she-cat
Apprentices, Rabbitpaw
Amberspeck- pale ginger she-cat
Doepetal- dark brown and light brown she-cat
Quickwater- dark ginger tom
Timberpelt- dark brown tom

Apprentices:
Rabbitpaw- light grey tabby tom
Heatherpaw- grey she-cat

Queens:
Duskflower- black she-cat, mother to Flyclaw's kit, Whisperkit (grey tabby she-cat)
Marigoldheart- pale ginger she-cat, mother to Grayfur's kits, Bouncekit (black tom), Breezekit (orange tabby tom)

Cats Outside Clans:

Dawnpaw- orange and white tabby she-cat with a black ear
Silverpaw- silver tabby she-cat with one black paw and a black ear
Ivy- A brown tabby she-cat with yellow eyes and ragged fur

Territories

The Lake

The Lake

Prologue

The leader's rock trembled slightly as a dark brown she-cat padded up. The RiverClan cats looked up at their new leader, and some flicked their tails unappreciatively. *I am your leader!* Ivy thought. *You respect me, and only me!*

"Let all cats old enough to swim gather in the clearing," Ivy announced, sneering at the traditional words. Dozens of battle-weary cats clustered together at the base of the rock, quieting instantly.

"Cats of RiverClan," she purred. "We are here to celebrate a new age!" No one spoke. Ivy frowned, and unsheathed her claws, glaring at the crowd below. Half-hearted yowls of approval sounded, and faded. Ivy wasn't impressed, but she moved on.

"I am your leader, Ivy. I will not have any deputy, but I will be doing what a deputy once did." She redirected her stare at Aspencloud. "We will keep Aspencloud as a medicine cat, but you will need to tell me everything that you know or find out about StarClan. Everything. Understand?" Aspencloud dipped her head, but Ivy noticed her flattening her ears. *Stupid medicine cat.*

"The other clans do not need to know of me or my leadership over this clan. Minnowtail will go to the gatherings as Minnowstar, and you will pretend that the war ended when we gave a large portion of our territory to ShadowClan, and that we are now friendly with them. Understand?" Ivy glared expectantly at the rest of RiverClan. The crowd muttered their consent. Ivy turned to Minnowtail. "So, who is going to be your 'deputy'?"

Minnowtail flicked her tail sadly, her eyes brimming with the loss of both her mate and Clan that was once her own. "Tanglebrook, you have-"

"We have no time for emotional speeches, dear Minnowtail. So is your deputy going to be Tanglebrook?" Ivy didn't give her anytime

to respond. "Okay. You two and Aspencloud meet me in my den after this. I don't believe there is anything else." Ivy promptly turned around and started padding away, but she froze.

Whirling around, she started speaking. "Oh, and I nearly forgot," she said with mock innocence. "Bring her in, please!" Two ShadowClan cats dragged in a bloody clump of fur.

"What are you going to do now?" The cat hissed. "You've hurt my clan enough. You've hurt my daughters, killed my mate. What else do you want?" Ivy leapt of off the boulder and smiled at her sickeningly.

"Right now?" She cackled, her body racking from the maniacal sounds coming out of her mouth. "Your life." Her eyes flashed, before in an instant, Softwing's head hung at an unnatural angle.

Dead.

"What is your point in this bloodshed?" Aspencloud stepped forward, snarling. Ivy turned to her and cocked her head.

"Why, isn't it obvious?" She gestured at the crumpled form of Softwing with her tail. "I'm showing you what will happen if you go against me." Aspencloud shrunk back, hatred burning in her eyes.

What, am I getting to you? Ivy thought. *Well, better angry than happy, right?*

"I have one last thing to say," Ivy stared at the clan. "The two traitors to RiverClan are to be killed on sight," she unsheathed her claws, and scraped the ground. The new 'deputy', Tanglebrook, hung his head and flattened his ears.

"Or else, well, you know what's going to happen." Murmurs of protest simmered down to silence.

"On that happy note, this meeting is over," the cats scrambled out of the clearing. Ivy turned and started walking towards her den. "Come on, don't just stand there. Well, unless-"

"We're coming!" Minnowtail called.

"Don't interrupt me!" Ivy snarled.

The three cats dipped their heads. "Yes, Ivy."

Ivy purred in satisfaction. *So this is what it is like to be a leader*, she mused. *This is what it's like to be in power.*

I like it.

Chapter One

Silverpaw stumbled into the vacant twoleg den, followed by Dawnpaw. *I hope this is safe,* she thought. The only things she could scent was a stale scent of twolegs who had left many moons ago.

"I guess this is our home," Silverpaw murmured.

"It's not very warrior-like," Dawnpaw sniffed. Her tail lashed angrily, brushing away a layer of dust on the ground. Although the wound on her paw had stopped bleeding, it was still tender to the touch.

"It's not going to be exactly like camp," Silverpaw replied, "but with a few nests and a den, it'll be good enough to be our home."

Dawnpaw glanced back at Silverpaw. "Dens?" She fully turned around. "That's like saying we'll be here for the rest of our lives!"

"But we're not!" Silverpaw retorted. "I meant that we are going to need a place to stay. You know, before we can go back." *If we ever do,* Silverpaw thought. She didn't tell her sister about her doubts. *She might not take it well,* she thought.

Dawnpaw limped forwards. "Fine. But I'm not happy about this." *Like I am,* Silverpaw thought. *I didn't want to run from RiverClan. I didn't ask for StarClan to choose us.* Silverpaw shook her head, clearing her thoughts. A layer of dust coated everything, indicating that this den had indeed been abandoned a long time ago. Silverpaw swiped her paw across the unusually smooth surface. *Is this supposed to be shiny?* She wondered. *This is so weird. But then again, all twolegs were weird. After all, who besides them would willingly climb into the belly of a monster?*

"Come on, Silverpaw!" Dawnpaw yelled, jumping onto the glossy wood floor. "Let's find somewhere to make our nests!" Silverpaw looked around, still bewildered. *So this is what twolegs live in,* she mused. She pawed at the hard ground. *How can you live like this?*

Who would want to live like this? She snorted. *Obviously, the twolegs would.*

Silverpaw was jolted out of her thoughts by Dawnpaw cuffing her ears. "Stop day dreaming, Silverpaw! We've got a battle to fight!" Dawnpaw flicked her tail towards a dark den nearby. "That should be our den. That way, we can leave quickly if we need to."

"Okay," Silverpaw agreed. "So now we've got that den sort of thing chosen. So what do we do now? I think we should go and tell the other clans about ShadowClan taking over RiverClan. We need all the help we can get."

Dawnpaw whipped her head around. "Are you trying to get us killed?! Tonight's the gathering, and I think we both know that Ivy is going to ask the other clans to find us. If we go to ThunderClan and WindClan right now, they're going to report us to Ivy." Silverpaw sat down and Dawnpaw continued her tirade. "And don't you remember? They refused to help us last time, so why would they help us now?"

"Okay, okay," Silverpaw said. She was relieved to see the light of battle drain out of Dawnpaw's eyes. "Why don't we go set up the nests?" Silverpaw got up and met Dawnpaw's eyes. " and then we'll go to the gathering." Dawnpaw nodded hesitantly, and together, they walked out of the twoleg's den before parting ways.

Silverpaw trotted back to her den and dropped the clump of moss onto her small nest. *Done,* she thought, satisfied. *Might as well sneak in a nap before the gathering*, she thought. Who knows? Maybe StarClan would tell her something in her sleep. They had told her about the need for knowing herbs, maybe something more useful would come this time.

Chapter Two

Dawnpaw clambered onto the shore and shook her fur, her aching muscles screaming for rest. It had been a long swim from the edge of the lake to the island. *I really hope this is worth it*, Dawnpaw thought. Silverpaw climbed up from the water next to her, and sprayed her with water as she shook her pelt.

"Come on," Silverpaw whispered, alert. "This isn't just any random gathering." Dawnpaw bit back an retort. *I know. I'm not a fishbrain*, she thought, agitated.

"Coming," she muttered. Dawnpaw treaded carefully around the trees as she finally settled down behind a large oak tree, safe from sight. A large gust of wind blew into her eyes just as gathering started. Blinking painfully, she resisted the urge to rub her paw in her eyes.

"Cats of all clans!" Yelled Thistlestar. "Prey is plentiful, and we have made two new apprentices, Swamppaw and Needlepaw!" All the cats cheered for the newly-made apprentices, who puffed out their chests. Thistlestar continued after the clans calmed down. "The war against RiverClan has ended. Instead, we have made an alliance with RiverClan at the cost of two of our brave warriors, Puddlestripe and Shadowheart." He paused again, the clans erupting in whispers. Silverpaw glared at him.

"Brave warriors?" She hissed. "More like blood being spilled to satisfy his greedy pelt."

"I know," Dawnpaw replied. "This isn't fair! And he didn't even mention about Emberstar." Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Troutsplash and Bramblefang stiffen. *I know how you feel*, she thought. *This foxhearted piece of dung should pay!* She cleared her thoughts and returned her attention to the ShadowClan leader.

"...and we thank RiverClan for graciously giving us a piece of their territory," Thistlestar concluded, before sitting back down and giving a crooked smile to Lighteye. Dawnpaw looked away.

"I...I can't stand this nonsense!" She snarled. "Generous! As if we willingly gave it to them."

Swiftstar rose up from her branch. "WindClan has had a very eventful moon," she announced. "Prey has been plentiful, and we have had three new kits, Bouncekit, Breezekit, and Whisperkit. Two new apprentices have been made, Heatherpaw and Rabbitpaw!" The clans all yowled in celebration.

"Prey has been plentiful as always, and our warriors and apprentices have almost mastered the art of fishing," Runningstar yowled. RiverClan cats jumped up, protesting.

"Fishing is exclusive to RiverClan!" Silverpaw whispered furiously. "And it's not even an art- it's a skill that we need to survive!"

"Be quiet!" Minnowtail yelled. "If ThunderClan wants RiverClan and ShadowClan on their tails, it's their problem."

"We never said we would help, Minnowstar." Thistlestar scolded her, tone mock friendly. *Wait. Minnowstar?* She wondered, *I thought Ivy had taken over.* Minnowstar glared at him.

"I'm sorry," she said sarcastically. Thistlestar silenced her with a powerful flick of his tail, and Minnowstar looked down reluctantly.

"RiverClan has had a lot of prey in the past moon, and as Thistlestar said, the war has ended and we have formed an alliance. Unfortunately, this came a large cost for RiverClan. Our beloved leader, Emberstar, has passed on to the stars, along with Eeljaw, Carppelt, Waterheart, and Softwing," Minnowstar said sadly.

"What?!" Dawnpaw stuttered. "They...they what?" Silverpaw hung her head, flattering her ears.

"They killed Softwing," she growled. "They killed our mother, that's what." Paws trembling, Dawnpaw looked back up at Minnowstar.

Minnowstar gritted her teeth and continued. "And in addition to this, when the alliance between RiverClan and ShadowClan was being made, two of our apprentices, Dawnpaw and Silverpaw, tried to attack the ShadowClan apprentices," Minnowstar's eyes flashed dangerously, but she remained calm. *We did not do that!* Dawnpaw thought indignantly.

"Ivy's probably forcing her to say that," Silverpaw murmured to herself.

"They are now wanted for treason against both RiverClan and ShadowClan," Minnowstar stated. "If you see any of them, please bring them to either the ShadowClan or RiverClan camp."

"I knew it," Dawnpaw snarled. "Ivy's forcing RiverClan to help ShadowClan. That piece of mouse dung. Actually— not just Ivy. They're all fox dung!" Dawnpaw and Silverpaw stepped into the twoleg den. Dawnpaw's nose twitched, and a scent filled her nostrils. Her fur stood on end as she unsheathed her claws.

"What is that?" Dawnpaw whispered. She poked her nose deeper into the darkness. Thoughts of what it could be flashed through her mind. It could be a badger, ShadowClan, a rogue, a loner, a kittypet, another Clan cat—

"It's a-" Silverpaw was picked up off the ground by a huge reddish-brown animal. She swung by her scruff, silver paws churning.

Fox! Dawnpaw thought, finishing Silverpaw's sentence. Dawnpaw ran to the larger animal and tried in vain to stun the fox into releasing her littermate. The fox slammed a paw into her ribcage and she flew backwards into a wall. Dawnpaw fought to keep her eyes open.

I guess this is where it ends? she thought. She slumped over, her pelt welling up with blood. *I'm sorry, Silverpaw. I'm sorry, StarClan, and RiverClan. I guess...I guess I just didn't try hard enough.*

I'm so sorry.

Chapter Three

The fox's teeth clamped down onto her scruff, and she could feel her flesh ripping agonizingly slowly. Paws churning, Silverpaw called for her sister once again. But Dawnpaw's orange and white body was still slumped against the wall of the twoleg den, unmoving.

I'm on my own... thought Silverpaw. Thinking quickly, she held her breath against the stink of the fox's breath and twisted in the air. She batted her paws wildly and managed to slice the creature's muzzle. She felt the comforting tang of blood on her paws and the fox dropped her with a startled yelp.

Silverpaw landed on all four paws, and stalked backwards, growling. The fox narrowed it's yellow eyes at her, and for the first time Silverpaw noticed the giant fangs it had, the huge paws with long claws, and how big the fox was. Bigger than any warrior, it towered above her, breath stinking up the air.

"StarClan help me," whimpered Silverpaw. She was backed up all the way to the twoleg den's wall, and the fox snarled once and prepared to rip and tear and kill her... Silverpaw could imagine its long fangs covered with scraps of silver fur, and she shuddered.

Two yowls came from ether side of the fox, and within seconds two balls of brown tabby fur were hurling themselves into the fox. Silverpaw widened her eyes in shock, still pressed up against the wall. As the two warriors jumped and bit and clawed the fox, the reddish brown animal was whimpering.

"Get out of this place, you StarClan cursed creature!" hissed Bramblefang. His tail and fur were spiked like a pinecone. He flattened himself to the ground and stalked forward, closer to the beaten fox.

"Unless you want to be hurt even more," Troutsplash added. He joined his brother, and the two toms chased the fox out of the clearing that the twoleg den was in and off into the forest.

Silverpaw sank to her paws and closed her eyes wearily. Blood dripped down her shoulder and created a red crescent pool in the dry earth.

Dawnpaw, Silverpaw thought and leapt up onto all four paws. She stumbled to her sister and shoved her nose into her pelt. Thankfully, she felt the rise and fall of Dawnpaw's breath. she sighed, letting out the breath that she didn't know she was holding out. *She's not dead.*

Bramblefang and Troutsplash came up from behind her.

"Thank you!" cried Silverpaw breathlessly. "Thank you for coming, and StarClan knows why you were following us in the first place, but you saved us from the fox! Thank you so much!" Relief that her sister wasn't dead poured out.

Troutsplash swished his tail. "It was what any clanmate would've done. And that was a small fox, compared to some of the others that we've fought."

Bramblefang padded forward to Dawnpaw. "She isn't dead... right?" Silverpaw nodded, and Bramblefang nudged the big apprentice with a paw. Dawnpaw grumbled and batted a forepaw at him, claws unsheathed.

"She'll be fine," concluded Bramblefang. He turned back to Silverpaw and sat down. "You were wondering why we're here," he said. "And we're not just here because we were going to protect you from that fox."

"We want to join you," Troutsplash meowed flatly.

"Join us?" asked Silverpaw. She looked around. "What do you mean? Join us? Dawnpaw and I are just here until Ivy's gone from RiverClan..." She looked into the tom's eyes expectantly. "So why do you want to join us?"

"Silverpaw," Troutsplash meowed. "Things in RiverClan are...well, it's not going well. Poppythorn is afraid that her kits will be murdered under Ivy, and Minnowtail's still grieving for Emberstar.

Ivy is running the entire clan out of fear." His voice dropped. "We barely have enough food, because the only river that ShadowClan left us is the one closet to the camp, and hunting in the lake is so hard, and we're not that good with land prey..."

Bramblefang picked up where his brother left off. "What we're saying is that Ivy's not going to be defeated by the warriors currently in RiverClan. It's impossible." He stared at Silverpaw. "The only cats who can save RiverClan now, I'm afraid, is us." The ground seemed to lurch before Silverpaw's paws.

Is this what the prophecy is? She asked herself, brimming with excitement. *Are Dawnpaw and I destined to save RiverClan this way?*

Chapter Four

Dawnpaw blinked her eyes open, her back sore. The darkness of the Twoleg den spun, and she looked around and saw two more nests in the corner. *What in StarClan?* She wondered. Shaking her head, she stumbled out of the Twoleg den cautiously. Her head spun, and she could see small spots in her vision. Turning around, she noticed that the outside wall had been stained from blood. Then she remembered what had happened. The fox...

"Ah!" She screeched, flattening her ears. *Silverpaw. What happened to Silverpaw?* She thought frantically. "Silverpaw? Silverpaw, are you here?!" Dawnpaw tilted her head back and glared at the clouds in the sky. *What do you want now?! First the Clan, and now my sister?*

"What are you doing?" An amused voice came from behind her. "Admiring the sky?" Dawnpaw whirled around, claws unsheathed. A silver tabby stood in front of her. Dawnpaw was shocked. Silverpaw grinned and laughed at Dawnpaw. "Hi, I'm back from a visit to StarClan!" Dawnpaw leapt forwards and cuffed Silverpaw's ears.

"That was for almost dying on me," Dawnpaw said furiously. Silverpaw just chuckled again.

"I could say the same for you,"she replied. "But I'm nice, and I don't go around cuffing cats on the ears."

Dawnpaw's face turned serious. " I almost died?" Silverpaw nodded, and Dawnpaw glanced back to look at the Twoleg nest. "How long have I been out? Well, unconscious or whatever I was."

Silverpaw shifted comfortably. "About two to three days." Dawnpaw's eyes widened.

"What?!" She took a few deep breaths and calmed down. "How did you survive?" Two figures moved out from behind a wall. "Look out! Shadow—"

Silverpaw flicked her tail. "They're fine. They helped me defeat the fox. Actually they saved me." Upon closer inspection, Dawnpaw realized that the two cats were Bramblefang and Troutsplash. Dawnpaw nodded in understanding.

"So now you see," Troutsplash rolled his eyes. He padded forward, tail flicking irritably behind him. "I thought you had lost all of your memories or something. Come on, Dawnpaw, I'm acting as your mentor and have to take you out."

Bramblefang shoved his brother good-naturedly. "Cut it out, Troutsplash! You are not Dawnpaw's mentor."

Dawnpaw turned to Silverpaw, ignoring the tom's remarks. "Where is he taking me to?"

"Bramblefang and I are going hunting, and you two are going to spy on the RiverClan camp. Unless you want to stay here and do nothing, that is." Her green eyes twinkled and Dawnpaw rolled her own blue ones.

"You're so funny..." she muttered. "Not." Dawnpaw followed Troutsplash out of the den, huffing.

"Choose, you lazy brats! You're not going to be pampered and spoiled anymore," a harsh order came from inside the camp. "Are you going to watch a kit be killed, or fight for the clan?"

What in StarClan... Dawnpaw wondered. She and Troutsplash dashed just outside of the RiverClan camp's walls, making sure that they would neither be seen or scented. In the center of the camp, Lakestrike and Stonepad were surrounded by ShadowClan cats, blocking their path from escaping. Not that they could even if there was a clear escape route. Lakestrike sported a broken hind leg and leaned heavily on Stonepad. Ivy sat in front of the terrified elders, holding a kit who had not opened its eyes.

There were no other RiverClan cats in the camp, although one ShadowClan warrior sat inside each den, probably making sure that

no warriors could come out.

Troutsplash hissed lowly. "Elders and kits are supposed to be the heart of the Clan! And now she's trying to kill them? Is she trying to destroy her own clan?" Dawnpaw scoffed.

"That's because this isn't her clan, fish brain!" Dawnpaw replied angrily. "She's just doing this for Thistlestar and Lighteye!" *Her parents,* Dawnpaw thought bitterly. *Her father is alive, and her mother killed mine.*

"Now choose, you worthless excuses for cats!" Ivy's yowl rang through the camp, and Dawnpaw stared in horror. She wouldn't actually kill a kit, right?

Stonepad raised his greying muzzle up. "It is against the warrior code to make elders fight and hunt, Ivy. We will not become warriors again, and will not leave the camp, even if you wish it."

Ivy smirked, yellow eyes glinting with evil. She grasped the kit in her paws tighter, so it let out a pitiful mew. Dawnpaw flattened her ears against the sound, but Troutsplash lowered into an attack crouch, looking as if he would attack the brown she-cat.

"Don't you dare attack Ivy," Dawnpaw hissed to him. "You'll get both of us killed!"

"Hmm," snarled Ivy. "Well, I'm afraid that you did not pick my options. But since you denied one, I will just have to go with the other..." Now, it's time for the actual treat." Ivy tossed the kit onto the ground, raised onto her hind legs, and brought her unsheathed claws on it with a crushing, brutal force that was only used on battlefields. The kit let out a quiet mewl and then stilled, blood staining the dirt under it from the claw marks on it's side.

"No!" Lakestrike wailed, collapsing onto the ground. She shrieked as she put more strain on her already broken leg. From the medicine den, Aspencloud poked her head out from over her guard's shoulder and froze. "Why did you have to kill him?"

Stonepad looked at Lakestrike before glaring coldly at Ivy. "Why did

you have to do this?" He shook his head. "Poppythorn is going to be devastated from Ripplekit's death." Dawnpaw turned away from the scene, unable to continue watching. She trembled in anger and disgust.

"I can't watch this anymore," she whispered. "Let's go. We'll tell Silverpaw and Bramblefang about this, but I can't do anymore." She turned on her tail and sprinted away as fast as she could. Leaf-bare leaves crackled underneath her paws, reminding herself horribly of Ripplekit's broken life.

Ivy's a monster, she thought.

But even as she ran away, she couldn't get Ripplekit's little squeal out of her head.

Chapter Five

Silverpaw treaded carefully into the ShadowClan forest. Dawnpaw crept ahead of her, hiding in behind the long tree branches on the ground. The trees creaked as a cold wind blew into the trees. Silverpaw shivered. Leaf-bare had made all of the rogues weak and frail.

"Come on!" A cat snarled in the distance. *Ivy,* Silverpaw thought. She pricked her ears and bristled. *What is she doing here? She's supposed to be in RiverClan territory!* Apparently, Dawnpaw had the same thoughts in mind.

"Forget hunting," Dawnpaw hissed. "Follow them!" Silverpaw followed Dawnpaw deeper into the dark forest, and tried hard to blend into the trees. But with a glowing, silver pelt, it was hard.

"Where are they, mother?" Ivy growled. "Have you gotten any news?" Ivy continued padding deeper into the woods, and the patrol of ShadowClan cats rushed to keep up.

Lighteye flattened her ears. "No. It's almost like they've vanished from the clans!" Ivy flicked her tail in frustration.

"Our enemy must have helped," Ivy scrunched up her face angrily. She turned to the small group of cats behind her. "Go back to camp. Help Thistlestar and the others. Assist Clawfang as much as you can. He'll need all the help he can get, especially since greencough is going around," she ordered. "Lighteye and I will continue searching on our own."

Greencough? Silverpaw thought, horrified. *That's horrible! What about Poppythorn's kits?* The outcast RiverClan cats had visited the camp once or twice in the last three moons, and saw that the kits were weak and fearful of Ivy.

The ShadowClan cats bowed their heads. "Yes, Ivy." They ran as fast

as they could from the clearing.

"I assume that you know who the cats in the prophecy are now, yes?" Ivy unsheathed her claws and scraped them against a tree. Lighteye nodded. "I should have killed them when I had the chance," Ivy hissed lowly.

"But you didn't," Lighteye replied frighteningly calmly. "The only thing we can do right now is to hunt them down." Her eye flickered to where Silverpaw and Dawnpaw hid, almost as if her one eye could see through trees. "And shred them so there's nothing left to send to StarClan."

Silverpaw and Dawnpaw collapsed into their nests, panting.

"What happened to Troutsplash and Bramblefang? Did Ivy get them?" Dawnpaw asked, sitting up, suddenly alert. Her eyes widened as she saw something outside of the den.

"I think they wanted to train somewhere outside of the twoleg den," Silverpaw answered, curling up into a ball.

Dawnpaw gaped in disbelief. "They couldn't have gotten hurt like that training!" she yelped, and stood up abruptly. Her thin orange and white body scrambled out of the twoleg den.

Silverpaw looked at the entrance of the den, where Dawnpaw padded in, supporting two injured toms. Troutsplash and Bramblefang had large gashes running along the pelts, blood dripping from them and staining the wooden floor. In an instant, Silverpaw was supporting Bramblefang as they limped to the makeshift medicine cats den that they had made. Bramblefang and Troutsplash crumpled into their nests, staining it with crimson blood.

"What in StarClan happened to you?!" Silverpaw exclaimed, while grabbing cobwebs.

"We were training," Troutsplash said weakly. He winced in pain as a poultice was put on his cuts.

Dawnpaw stomped up to him and glared at him. "Training?" She

snorted. "Stop lying! Even a ShadowClan cat would be smarter than to train with their claws unsheathed! Tell me the truth!" Dawnpaw demanded.

Bramblefang looked up. "We aren't lying, Dawnpaw," he said gently. "We actually were training. Just...in a more effective way, that's all. Troutsplash suggested it."

Troutsplash grinned sheepishly. "There have been cats in my dreams," he explained. "They taught me how to fight well on land. They told me that I could use these fighting skills to save RiverClan." He smiled. "I think it's StarClan!" Dawnpaw took a step back.

"No. No, they wouldn't do that," she shook her head. Silverpaw understood Dawnpaw's thoughts.

"Maybe they're the cats in the prophecy," Silverpaw murmured. "Why else would StarClan talk to them?"

Dawnpaw shook her head again. "It can't be. Aspencloud said it was us!" Bramblefang and Troutsplash looked back and forth between Silverpaw and Dawnpaw.

"Prophecy! What prophecy?" Troutsplash asked.

"Yeah. What prophecy are you talking about?" Bramblefang said. Dawnpaw turned away.

"Nothing. Nothing important," Silverpaw replied quickly. She glanced at her sister, warning her not to say anything. "But I think we need to go to the Moonpool."

Dawnpaw nodded in agreement. "We need to get things cleared up."

Troutsplash and Bramblefang stared at the apprentices for a moment, mouths open. Then, together they swallowed and laid back down on the moss.

Troutsplash muttered, "They've got bees in their brains." Dawnpaw hissed at him, but Silverpaw turned to the den, looking at the cold outside.

First our parents are killed, then our leader gets killed, then were kicked out of our own clan by a crazy cat who kills kits for fun, Silverpaw thought. *Now, Troutsplash and Bramblefang try to kill each other saying that StarClan taught them how to. What's next? Flying badgers and helpful foxes?*

Chapter Six

Dawnpaw and Silverpaw crouched at the beginning of RiverClan territory. They could smell the fresh smell of fish rising from the border markers, and Dawnpaw's mouth watered.

"Where exactly is the Moonpool?" asked Dawnpaw.

Silverpaw pointed her tail to across the lake. "Aspencloud told me there was a stream in WindClan territory that led to the pool."

"What if we get caught?" whispered Dawnpaw.

Silverpaw stood and narrowed her eyes. The faint breeze coming off of the lake ruffled her fur, making her look like a StarClan warrior.

"Our ancestors will guide us," she declared confidently. In one bound, Silverpaw leapt over the scent-line and started padding, ears flat and fur puffed up. She spun around to look at her orange and white sister. "Are you coming?"

Dawnpaw nervously trotted to her sister. *This better be worth it,* she thought. Already storm clouds were gathering on the breeze, and not just the ones you could see with your own eyes.

Dawnpaw padded into the small cave, her paws trembling as they hit the icy stone. A star-lit pool of water lay before her as she and Silverpaw circled it, reluctantly lying down as they shivered. *How can the medicine cats bear to sleep on this?* she thought, suddenly sympathetic towards Aspencloud and the other medicine cats.

"Are you sure that Troutsplash and Bramblefang won't try to kill each other again?" Dawnpaw asked as her whiskers brushed against the ground.

"They're going to have to," Silverpaw replied gravely. "Unless they wanted to move to StarClan. They're both the stupidest cats I've ever met." *That much is true,* Dawnpaw thought. *Who else would be fish-brained enough to think that StarClan would tell them to kill each other?*

Silverpaw's voice jolted her out of her thoughts. "Dawnpaw, we need to touch our muzzles to the water in order to share tongues with StarClan." Silverpaw muttered. "Let's get this over with." Dawnpaw closed her eyes, flinching as water lapped against her muzzle.

"Hello, Silverpaw and Dawnpaw," a warm voice greeted them. Dawnpaw bumped into Silverpaw as she backed away, earning herself a flick of Silverpaw's tail. She turned around to see a familiar reddish-brown tom.

"Emberstar," Silverpaw breathed. He smiled at them sadly.

"Yes, it is me, Emberstar," he said. "We know why you have come today."

We? Dawnpaw thought, confused. She looked around to see hundreds of thousands of cats gathered together. *Ferntail, Softwing, Waterheart...they're all here!* She thought joyously. She shrunk away in shyness, earning herself another flick of her sister's tail. Dawnpaw glared at Silverpaw, who smiled back innocently.

"...like I was saying," Emberstar continued, amused. Then his eyes saddened as his expression turned solemn. "We know why you have come today. To ask about the prophecy."

Silverpaw nodded, her head moving so quickly that Dawnpaw wondered how she hadn't died yet. "Yes, Emberstar. What is the prophecy? How do we fulfill it? Are we even that cats in the

prophecy? How do we kill Ivy? Wait, do we even kill-" Emberstar wrapped his tail around her muzzle, effectively silencing Silverpaw. Dawnpaw silently thanked Emberstar for saving her ears from deafness.

"Great StarClan, Silverpaw! Calm down. One question at a time," Emberstar said slowly, as if he were talking to a kit. Silverpaw took a few deep breaths before looking back up at Emberstar.

"I...I think I'm okay now," she said. "Are we the cats in the prophecy?" Dawnpaw shifted on her paws as she saw the starry cats gape at her sister. Silverpaw gulped nervously.

Emberstar stared at Silverpaw incredulously. "Are you serious? How many cats have told you that you two were the cats in the prophecy? Aspencloud, Lighteye, and Ivy. You really need to ask that question? Yes, Silverpaw. You two are the cats who have been destined to fulfill the prophecy."

Dawnpaw cocked her head. "Then how do we fulfill the prophecy?" Silverpaw glared at her.

"Do you really think that they're going to just going to tell us?" She whispered furiously to Dawnpaw. Emberstar chuckled along with the rest of StarClan.

"We aren't going to just tell you exactly how to do everything," he explained, sitting down. "But what we can tell you is that what you have to do at this moment, is defeat Ivy somehow." He paused, thinking for a moment before continuing. "Like I said, defeat her. Defeat could be chasing her out of RiverClan territory or killing her, remember that. Hm...am I forgetting something? Oh, yes! Can't forget that!" Emberstar turned to them as he started to fade. "Be brave. You're going to need it."

"Wait!" Silverpaw called out. "You haven't told us the prophecy yet!" One by one, StarClan cats disappeared from view. Emberstar's tail dissolved.

"That, I'm afraid, is a question for another time," he replied. His paws and ears vanished. "Defeat Ivy now, and then...Aspencloud

can tell you." Then, everything turned black.

"What now?" Dawnpaw sat up, rubbing her eyes. "We still don't know what the prophecy is!" Silverpaw sat up and scraped her claws across the stone.

She glared at the still water. "I guess we'll just have to do what they told us to do." Silverpaw rose to her paws, followed by Dawnpaw. "We're going to defeat Ivy, however we're supposed to, and be brave." Dawnpaw looked down.

"But I'm not brave," she whimpered to herself. "How am I supposed to do this?"

Up ahead, Silverpaw turned around. "Come on, slow-poke!" She yowled impatiently.

"Coming!" Dawnpaw yelled back. *I still have no idea how to do this,* she thought to herself. *But for now, I guess I'm going to have to go back to being bossed around by Silverpaw again.* She sighed, and sprinted off into the distance.

Please let StarClan be right.

Chapter Seven

Silverpaw shuffled forwards sleepily, her tail dragging along the ground behind her. Dawnpaw lifted her head up high, eyes bright and flashing in the mid-high sunlight. They continued padding towards the exit of the den, Silverpaw struggling to keep her eyes open. Dawnpaw flicked her tail.

"Come on," she huffed impatiently. "We don't have forever! We need to catch the hunting patrol." Silverpaw looked up hesitantly, about to step out of the den, when a hoarse voice called out to them.

"Where are you two going?" Bramblefang demanded. He narrowed his eyes at Dawnpaw. *What in StarClan is wrong with him?* Silverpaw thought, agitated. *Sometimes, it's better with out him and his brother.* She let out a quiet groan. Dawnpaw glared at him, barely restraining herself from at least attempting to strangle the older tom.

Dawnpaw lifted her chin. "We," she drawled, pouring her frustration into her words, "are going to RiverClan territory to recruit cats. And you have to take care of your brother." Bramblefang's eyes flashed, and he unsheathed his claws.

"You, Dawnpaw, go with her?" He shook his head. "You've got to be kidding me. Two apprentices go out in the forest all alone? You'll get killed!"

"Bramblefang..." Silverpaw growled lowly. "What are you even trying to say? We've managed on our own, save for that fox, and all you've been doing, is getting us into trouble!"

Bramblefang's eyes softened a bit before hardening again. "What I am saying, is I am going with you, Silverpaw, and Dawnpaw isn't!" He hissed in Dawnpaw's direction, with ear flat and teeth bared. When neither sister relented, he narrowed his eyes and stomped out of the den, dust billowing in his wake. When the dust cleared, Silverpaw looked at Dawnpaw, and whirled her head back

around to glare at Bramblefang's raised tail.

What even is going on? What has gotten into him?

Dawnpaw shook her pelt out angrily, eyes blazing. "Go," she meowed indignantly. "Keep him in check. I don't want anything bad to happen. And if he's trusted with something important, I think we both know that is the recipe for disaster." She turned on her tail and stalked back into the den, huffing.

She's right, Silverpaw thought. She ran after Bramblefang, catching up to him. He glanced down at the smaller she-cat.

"Finally decided to leave your apprentice sister behind?" He spat, as if being an apprentice were a bad thing. Silverpaw flattened her ears and nodded, forcing down her disgust. He nodded, satisfied, and they continued on their short trip to RiverClan territory.

Bramblefang, you seem to have forgotten that only a few moons ago, you were an apprentice yourself, she mused. *And you've also forgotten that I myself am an apprentice.*

"Hello, Iceleap, Tanglebrook," Silverpaw dipped her head. The two cats looked up in surprise, almost falling into the river.

"Silverpaw!' Iceleap hissed. "And Bramblefang! What are you two doing here?" She glared at the two younger cats. "The clans are still searching for you! Go back to— wherever you are hiding. Because it's working!"

Tanglebrook rested his tail on Iceleap's shoulder, body twisting to reveal the stark outline of bones beneath his pelt. "Iceleap, calm down. Let them explain what they're doing here." He glanced back at the two fugitives. "Nothings wrong... right?" Silverpaw shifted uncomfortably, her ears pricked.

"We're here to ask you to join us," she answered bluntly. "Join us to take back our Clan." The wind picked up speed as the two older cats sat thinking for a moment before Iceleap broke the silence.

Iceleap's eyes twinkled as she replied. "Well, I can't just leave my apprentice to break the warrior code without me!" She turned to Tanglebrook, who seemed to still be thinking. His eyes clouded over, deep in thought. Finally, he looked up.

"I cannot come with you," He said apologetically. "I never thought I would say this, but my place is at camp, close to Ivy." He blinked a few times, as if to reassure himself of his choice. "I really would like to come, but right now, I am acting as the deputy during gatherings, and our clanmates need me. But," he paused, teasing Silverpaw with anticipation. "I can be your spy. I can tell you what's going on at camp while you build up your group. I'm afraid thats the most I can do, regarding the responsibility I now hold.""

"That's a great idea— even better than having you come with us. Why don't you wait here every day before dawn, so we can collect information if needed," Bramblefang suggested. *That is so stupid, Bramblefang,* Silverpaw thought. *So many things could go wrong! Like-*

"No, no, no!" Tanglebrook cut into her thoughts. Bramblefang took a few steps back and frowned. "Ivy will get suspicious. Imagine, if you were Ivy. And one of the most rebellious warriors keeps going to the same place everyday, and insisting that it was for prey or some other excuse. Wouldn't you get suspicious? Or at least-"

"Whatever," Bramblefang sighed. "So what do you think we should do?" he meowed to Silverpaw. She shifted her paws, uncomfortable of not having an idea for once.

"I think I have an idea. Why don't you come meet one of us at the border before dawn?" Iceleap said. "That way, our scents will be closer to the border and no one will think that we are always in RiverClan territory, since we are also close to ShadowClan territory, and it's before dawn, so no border patrols will interfere with us."

"Wait, what if Tanglebrook finds out about something that is urgent? I think we should tell him where our camp is, just in case." Silverpaw said. She looked around, checking that no one was overhearing them, and lowered her voice to a whisper. "Our den is past ShadowClan territory, in an abandoned twoleg den. You should scent us before you see us, but it is fairly far away from

ShadowClan territory." Tanglebrook nodded, understanding, but them abruptly stood up.

"I've lost track of time. I have to go now. You have to hurry—border patrol will be coming soon." He said a quick goodbye before sprinting back to camp, a minnow in his jaws.

Silverpaw beckoned at Iceleap, who jumped over the small creek which she and Tanglebrook had been hunting in. "We've got a lot of things to do. Let's go." She ran away from RiverClan territory just as she scented both RiverClan and ShadowClan cats. Undergrowth crackled softly behind the fugitives, and soft mews drifted along on the wind. *It's a border patrol,* she thought. *We need to hurry!* She worked harder, pushing her muscles to their limit as she raced off RiverClan territory and into the forest unknown to the clans.

Now that Iceleap's with us, we might have a chance. The slimiest one, thats for sure, but a chance to kill Ivy and take back RiverClan.

A spark of pride blazed in Silverpaw's eyes as she ran across her territory once more. Her paws skimmed the ground, the ground that Ivy and the ShadowClan cats had taken from her and her clanmates.

I swear I will kill you, Ivy. I swear I will take back RiverClan. I swear in the name of StarClan.

Chapter Eight

Dawnpaw looked around the grassy plain, her eyes scanning for any threats. Nothing. She sprinted into the pine forest and headed in the direction of the RiverClan border. Keeping her paws as light as she could as she ran, her ears were pricked and alert. The pine needles shivered as a soft, cool breeze shook the trees slightly.

"Hey, you! Where are you going?" Dawnpaw jumped and whirled around, startled.

Dawnpaw glared at the Silverpaw, who was looking smug and self-satisfied. *Stop scaring me,* she thought. *I don't appreciate you imitating a ShadowClan warrior!*

A familiar figure appeared in the distance. A black and white tom turned to look at her, and she grinned.

"Tanglebrook!" She exclaimed as her former mentor gave a weak smile. He seemed so tired, so frail.

"Hello, Dawnpaw," he greeted, dipping his head. His tail twitched uncomfortably, and he constantly shifted on his paws.

What in StarClan is Ivy doing to him? She wondered. *I mean, Iceleap said that she was starving the disobedient cats, but...oh, of course. He is disobedient. Well, at least to Ivy. Fishbrain.* She shook her head, and rolled back into her haunches.

"Lets skip the formalities," Silverpaw said tonelessly. She drew a silver paw over an ear.

Dawnpaw rolled her eyes and stood up. "Well, Tanglebrook, we've chosen our plan for attack. Well, for attacking Ivy, at least. It'll be a day after the Gathering— this moon." Tanglebrook cocked his head in confusion.

"Dawnpaw, I know that I never taught you battle strategy. But

surely even a half-trained apprentice can tell that if we take on an entire Clan, we'll be killed!"

Dawnpaw shifted her paws. "I am not half-trained, Tanglebrook." Silverpaw sighed, exasperated.

"But lets get back on topic, Dawnpaw," meowed Silverpaw, struggling to keep her temper in. "Unless you want ShadowClan warriors descending upon us and ripping us to shreds."

Dawnpaw glared at her sister. Then she glared at Tanglebrook. "I know not to take on an entire Clan with only six cats. Silverpaw has it all planned out," Dawnpaw explained. "We need you to tell all the RiverClan cats that you possibly can to get ready for battle after the gathering. Tell them to prepare to fight for our clan. Every single RiverClan cat- as long as they haven't decided to join Ivy yet. According to Iceleap, that would be every RiverClan cat."

Dawnpaw felt a rush of adrenaline just thinking about regaining RiverClan. *Just imagine- everything could be normal again!* She thought happily. *All of us could be at peace again. Me, Silverpaw, Tanglebrook, Iceleap, Bramblefang, Troutsplash, Minnowtail...*

Dawnpaw's face twisted in anger and frustration and slammed a paw into the dying grass, effectively driving out all happiness. *What am I even thinking about? Nothing will be ever the same!* Silverpaw looked over at her, her face scrunched up in concern.

Dawnpaw focused back on Tanglebrook, who was just staring into space, a hopeful expression on his face. She took a few deep breaths, calming herself before speaking again. The sun began to peak out from beneath the earth. Streams of orange, yellow, and red marred the night sky, converting it into its bright counterpart.

"You might want to go back to camp now," she murmured quietly, breaking Tanglebrook's trance. "Don't forget, if you need us, just find us in the twoleg den." He shifted on his paws as he stood up.

Tanglebrook grinned sheepishly. "I'm sorry," he started, embarrassed. "I-I forgot where it is. Could you please remind me?" Dawnpaw rolled her eyes. *Tanglebrook's getting old!* She laughed

mentally.

"Sure. It's past the ShadowClan border. Towards the Sun-drown place— well, at least where the elders say it is. As Silverpaw told you, it's far away, and you should scent us before you actually see the den. So you should find us pretty easily. The whole place practically reeks of us." She stood up, shaking off dust. "Got it?"

"Got it."

Dawnpaw stared at him steadily. "Good luck, Tanglebrook. The entire RiverClan is counting on you."

Tanglebrook swallowed, and shook out his pelt. "They're counting on you two apprentices as well." He padded closer to Dawnpaw and rested his bony tail on her head. "I am proud of you, and proud to be your mentor."

There was silence on the border. Even the birds had stopped their chirping, and the sun seemed to have stopped it's rise.

"Sorry to break up this touching moment," Silverpaw said, "but it's dawn, and the ShadowClan patrols will be here at any moment! Let's go, Dawnpaw!"

Chapter Nine

A black and white cat stood at the entrance of the decorated RiverClan camp. Looking around, he saw that everyone was still in their dens, fast asleep, save for the dawn patrol cats who were dragging themselves out of camp, dipping their heads to Tanglebrook. He watched them disappear off into the horizon before springing onto his paws. Movement behind him cause him to whirl around, eyes narrowed.

Minnowtail padded out from behind the reeds at looked pointedly at Tanglebrook. He relaxed.

"Have you told everyone about Silverpaw's plan yet?" Minnowtail murmured quietly. "It's a quarter moon before the gathering- we don't have much time."

Tanglebrook thought for a moment before answering in the same low voice. "I told my den mates,, the elders, and I just told you yesterday. That leaves Poppythorn. It's hard for me to get into the nursery, though. Ivy's always watching me it seems."

Minnowtail bumped his shoulder affectionally. "I'll cover for you." She nodded to the nursery. "Get in there, Tanglebrook. Poppythorn needs to know. If not, she won't have enough time to hide her kits when we revolt against that StarClan forsaken cat."

Turning on her paws quickly, Minnowtail treaded back to her den, careful not to let her tail touch the ground. Tanglebrook sighed, and padded to the entrance of the nursery.

In the den, only one nest was occupied- Poppythorn and her kits. Her bicolored fur was barely visible as she slept soundly. He approached Poppythorn hesitantly and prodded her with a paw, hoping that she wouldn't alert the whole clan of his actions. Her eyes widened in panic as she curled in or her kits protectively.

"What-" Tanglebrook 's tail wrapped around her muzzle, effectively silencing her. She shock her head in vain, trying unsuccessfully to throw off his tail. Muffled meows of protest were heard.

"Be quiet!" Tanglebrook hissed. He cautiously moved his tail away, glaring at her. Her amber eyes glinted in the partially lit den.

"What are you doing here?" She asked, flattening her ears. You're not supposed to just barge in here, you know." Her kits began to stir as she shifted in her nest. She looked down at them before returning her attention to the black and white tom.

"Of course I know!" He replied, flicking his tail. "Do you think that Ivy doesn't tell me that if she even catches me glancing in the direction of this den?"

Poppythorn angled her ear towards the nursery's entrance. "Then leave," she instructed. Tanglebrook felt a pang of irritation. His fur bristled.

"Guess I didn't have to tell you about the invasion," he retorted. Poppythorn's eyes seemed to jump out of her eye sockets.

"What?!" She exclaimed. Tanglebrook cuffed her ear. "What invasion?"

"Stop. We have to be quiet!" He glared at her, making her flinch. "Like I said, the invasion. The apprentices, who are currently beyond the ShadowClan borders towards the sun-drown place, have planned an attack to drive Ivy out. We are going to be trying to force her out when she leaves for the gathering. The apprentices will come, and we need to be ready to fight."

Poppythorn's gaze hardened and she jumped up. "A fight?" She began to shake a little. Her eyes lit as if some insane cat had taken control of her mind. "But... what about my kits?"

She-cats and their kits, Tanglebrook thought, annoyed. "Stop being paranoid," Tanglebrook snapped. "No one's going to take you kits-"

"I need to tell Ivy, or else she'll kill my kits. And then me!" She dashed out of the den.

"NO!" hissed Tanglebrook. He lunged towards Poppythorn, but reeled back as she slashed his nose and eyes. Blood splattered onto the floor. He cringed, trying to shake the blood out of his vision.

"No, Poppythorn." But she was already gone.

Tanglebrook let out a long hiss. He turned to her kits. They looked up at him, terrified. "Stay here, and be quiet. Your mother will come back soon."

"Oh, Ta-anglebrook!" A loud yowl camp from the leader's den. "Come up, please!" Tanglebrook hesitantly stepped out of the den. Up on the great rock was Ivy, looking down to him, grinning sickeningly. He took a step backwards. Then another. And another.

His voice was quiet, yet everyone heard it. "*No*." He spun around and ran, but not before he saw her grin contort into a furious scowl.

Not before he didn't hear her last order either.

Kill him.

But it only made him run faster.

Chapter Ten

"I'm back!" Silverpaw called, her voice muffled from the large, dripping wet fish in-between her jaw. She clambered over to the temporary fresh-kill pile and dropped the fish. Behind her, two cats stepped into the twoleg den. Troutsplash and Bramblefang padded towards her and sat down. Dawnpaw and Iceleap stumbled out the den as they conversed quietly.

Their heads bent as they kept talking, nodding to Silverpaw as they passed by her. Silverpaw carried a small, flickering, silver, minnow over to the two other she-cats as Troutsplash and Bramblefang bickered over who would get which fish from the fish.

"Hey, Silverpaw," Iceleap greeted as she set down her minnow. There was silence for a while, as all three of them sat tensely.

Dawnpaw finally broke the silence. "We were just talking about—" she stopped, and her eyes widened, focusing on something behind Silverpaw. Alarmed by Dawnpaw's bugging eyes and frightened expression, Silverpaw whipped her head around and stared at the panting figure before her.

Tanglebrook drew his head back, not giving himself enough time to take deep breaths and opened his mouth. "ShadowClan cats are coming!" He yowled. He looked around urgently. "You have to believe me. We need to go! We don't have much time before they come and find you!" And if on cue, the faint sound of yowling cats came from behind him.

Gasping with fear, Silverpaw didn't question the older cat in front of her. She stood up onto her paws and motioned to the others with her tail. "Come on," she urged. "We don't have much time!"

Troutsplash looked like he was about to protest, but before he could, Iceleap and Bramblefang dragged him to the entrance of the den. Silverpaw didn't wait for his next attempt at protesting against Tanglebrook. She bolted out the den, but to her dismay, ShadowClan cats were in the clearing. *They were waiting for us!* She wailed internally. *All of this security, all of our planning— for nothing!*

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw that Dawnpaw had taken of sprinting towards the lake. Silverpaw followed her, not looking back to see if Troutsplash had finally made up his mind about where his loyalties lay.

The ShadowClan cats seemed to multiply. While in the beginning there were four cats, there were now six. Silverpaw just ran in the direction in which there were no hostile cats.

"Where are we even going?" Dawnpaw hissed in pain.

Tanglebrook was the one to answer her question. "We're heading for RiverClan territory right now," he said. He started to slow down, getting tired. Silverpaw watched in horror as a small gray tom nearly landed on his tail. A sudden burst of pain on her hindquarters let her know that she had been injured. She focused back on what lay before her as adrenaline pumped through her veins. Iceleap's white fur was marred by dirt, and Bramblefang was panting.

Even Troutsplash, who she was secretly glad had finally decided to join them, though she'd never admit it, had a few scratches along his pelt. Dawnpaw looked terrible. She was trailing blood as she ran, getting slower by the second.

"I need to rest..." Dawnpaw gasped, and stopped running. The other rogues circled her, watching as ShadowClan cats began stalking the RiverClan outlaws. Silverpaw unsheathed her claws and wound her

tail with Dawnpaw's.

A brown cat hissed, showing bloodstained teeth. She looked at Dawnpaw, who had just gotten her breath back, and purred sweetly.

"We would've caught you fat RiverClan cats eventually," she purred," but you, Dawnpaw, made it so much easier. In fact," she stepped closer to the apprentices. "We may kill you quickly, if you beg." Ivy looked at Tanglebrook and the others with disgust. "I assure you, Dawnpaw, that it would be a much better fate than what I— we— have planned for your precious Clanmates."

"Ivy..."Tanglebrook growled. "You will not hurt my apprentice." He looked around him. "Nor any other of my Clan."

Ivy chuckled. "Why, hello, Tanglebrook!" Her eyes flashed. "I'm delighted in your offer of dying first!" She slowly licked one paw and drew it over her ragged ears. "I was already planning to, of course, but now I don't have to make a decision." Ivy pounced, pinning Tanglebrook to the ground.

The other ShadowClan cats moved forward with her, like a wave following it's leader.

It was as if time froze. Silverpaw couldn't move, paralyzed in fear and shock. She had been in so many battles, so many skirmishes before, but this one was so different. Never had things looked so impossible, so hopeless. All Silverpaw could see was red. The redness of blood. Claws came flying at her, but she still couldn't move. Silverpaw watched as an unknown ShadowClan cat leapt towards her, claws glinting in the sunlight and face drawn back in a vicious snarl.

A heavy lump of orange and white fur barreled into her side, knocking the wind out of her, out of the way of those flashing, bloody claws.

Thank StarClan for sisters.

Chapter Eleven

Move, Silverpaw!

Dawnpaw leapt forwards, shoving Silverpaw out of the claws' reach. A lump of grey fur crashed into the ground behind her with an audible thump. She gritted her teeth as she painfully pushed herself up onto her paws. Fire pulsed through her veins and she panted, spasms of pain jerking through her.

"Dawnpaw!" Silverpaw gasped. She quickly gathered her tail around her sister, leading her away from the battle. Luckily, the other cats were so focused at trying to kill Tanglebrook, Iceleap, Bramblefang, and Troutsplash. "StarClan's kits! You look horrible! Go to Aspencloud!" Dawnpaw didn't reply, but pushed Silverpaw as Quaildrop attempted to claw at Silverpaw's pelt once again.

"Just take care of yourself!" Dawnpaw croaked. "I'll be fine!"

I won't, Dawnpaw thought silently, swaying slightly. She saw Silverpaw opened her mouth to object, but quickly shut it as she dodged Quaildrop's pounce again. Silverpaw reared up and brought her forepaws down powerfully on his head.

"Stay safe!" Silverpaw called. Dawnpaw watched as Silverpaw clamped her jaw on the small tom's pelt and winced.

Yeah, she thought. *She'll be perfectly fine.*

Dozens of warriors from RiverClan came streaming down from the RiverClan camp, bringing reinforcements. Dawnpaw swept her eyes across the field and fixed her eyes on a single orange and black she-cat. She attempted to sprint over to the medicine cat, but stumbled over a large rock, and before she could stop herself, she face planted into the green blades of grass.

"Stupid rock," she muttered, prodding the object she had tripped over. But what she had come into contact with was not cold and

hard— it was warm and fleshy. Dawnpaw let out a shaky breath.

"Dawnpaw," a frail Tanglebrook whispered. Dawnpaw leaned over her mentor. "Dawnpaw, listen to me. The only cat you need to either kill or drive out is Ivy. The ShadowClan cats will flee as soon as she dies."

Dawnpaw's voice shook. "Okay, Tanglebrook. Just stay with me. Tanglebrook!" She yelled.

But it was no use. Tanglebrook had fallen unconscious.

Dawnpaw staggered backwards. *No. No! He can't be dead! He-he's only unconscious!* But she had smelled the haunting odor of death, and feared that it might be too late for her brave mentor.

She limped in the direction of Aspencloud, following the creek composed of her own mentor's blood.

"No, you can not join the battle, Dawnpaw!" Aspencloud objected sternly. Dawnpaw hung her head then perked up. Her eyes shone hopefully.

"Then can I watch the battle?" She meowed tentatively. "Please! My sister is out there!" Aspencloud's eyes softened as she gazed at Dawnpaw. Dawnpaw looked up at the older she-cat and waited.

Aspencloud rested her head on Dawnpaw's shoulder, like she was an newly named warrior. "Okay, she murmured. "As long as you don't get yourself killed." Dawnpaw nodded in response and padded out of Aspencloud's sight. Dawnpaw sighed as she watched Silverpaw nip at Quaildrop's tail, only to be pushed back by a ginger tom.

I'm sorry, Aspencloud. But... I need to help Silverpaw. Lowering herself to the ground, she began to stalk towards the battling cats, who had abandoned their battle lines and were now scattered throughout the land. Staring in horror as another RiverClan cat hauled herself to the makeshift medicine cat's den, Dawnpaw sat up, wincing as the

cobwebs holding her wound together tried to hold on.

I'm coming, sister, she thought, eyes narrowed and ears flat as she tread through the grass. *I will do as Tanglebrook said and kill Ivy. And then, finally, RiverClan will be safe once more.*

Dawnpaw's vision turned red as she barreled into Ivy, who had been previously been snapping at a white tom named Cloudwhisker. The brown tabby she-cat whirled around to face Dawnpaw and bared her teeth.

"Finally decided to join StarClan, Dawnpaw? I'll grant that wish." She cackled as she swiped at Dawnpaw's eyes. Dawnpaw ducked, barely missing the sharpened claws of her attacker and lashed out her paw underneath Ivy. As she withdrew her paw quickly, Dawnpaw almost felt sorry for the monstrous she-cat before her. She could feel the soft fur parting for her paws, as if they had been torn open once before. Blood gushed onto her paw, warm and sticky— like the sap of a tree when she was forced to climb.

But what terrified Dawnpaw was not the feeling of bloody flesh and fur.

No, it was a scream that came from Ivy...A noise so loud, so agonizing, so painful that everyone— both friends and foes— turned to look. The battle noises slow down, and Dawnpaw stood, looking at Ivy. Behind her, she could hear noises, the cries of both the RiverClan and ShadowClan cats.

Ivy glared at Dawnpaw, a fire burning in her eyes that Dawnpaw hadn't noticed before. Ivy slowly rose to her paws, blood running from her stomach.

"You will pay for this!" Ivy roared, and swatted Dawnpaw with a blow powered by her fury. Dawnpaw flew through the air before landing on the ground with a sickening crack. Once she hit the ground, the world returned back to her and she heard the dying echoes of Ivy, the screeches of the retreating ShadowClan cats, and the desperate cries of her own clanmates.

But most of all she heard Silverpaw yelling her name.

And just before Dawnpaw closed her eyes, she saw was a familiar silver tabby running to her side.

It's too late, Silverpaw. Just make sure that our Clan is safe.

I'm sorry that I couldn't make it through.

Yep, I killed her. Oops. And Tanglebrooke. Double oops.

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Twelve

"No!" Silverpaw screeched, dashing forwards, attempting to catch her falling sister. Dawnpaw was silent for a moment, than she started to shake as if she were choking. "Aspencloud!" Silverpaw called, but the medicine cat was no where to be found.

Silverpaw buried her nose in Dawnpaw's pelt. "Please, don't go!" She mumbled, inhaling the orange and white tabby's sweet scent, which was slightly muffled from the heavy stench of blood. "We're supposed to become warriors together!"

A soft tail rested on Silverpaw's shoulder. "Silverpaw," Iceleap whispered, let's take your sister back to the camp. We have much work to do." From the corner of her eyes, she caught a glimpse of a brown and red fur inching its was towards Iceleap.

"Oh, no, you don't!" Silverpaw muttered, pouncing on Ivy. "You've taken my mother and my sister. I will not let you take my mentor too!" Silverpaw tore Ivy's throat out, watching her flail as the brown she-cat's blood rushed out onto the dirt.

You deserve this, Ivy. No one kills my family and gets away with it alive! Her guilt of killing the cat vanished like it had never been there before as she thought of Dawnpaw.

"Come on, Silverpaw, let's go," Iceleap urged. "Just leave her alone. Let her crawl back to ShadowClan territory- or even better, die on the way there." *That's a good idea- give her a taste of her own herbs.*

Silverpaw gave the terrible tabby a cold glare as her mentor lead her away from the battlefield, which had cleared of all cats as soon as it had been clear that Ivy would not live to see the next day.

Aspencloud paced around the RiverClan medicine cat's den.

Tanglebrook followed her with their eyes. "I told her not to get killed!" A furious medicine cat meowed angrily. Tanglebrook shook his head.

"Dawnpaw is dead, and the thing you're mad about is that she disobeyed you?" Tanglebrook remarked, amused.

Silverpaw sighed. "Even though she got killed, she still got herself killed." She paused. "But I'm still proud of her. But I still want to kill her again for getting killed. Wait, does that make sense?" The two older cats chuckled. Silverpaw looked away and rested her head on her paws.

Why did you have to leave me, Dawnpaw? Silverpaw buried her muzzle deeper into the nest. *We we're supposed to fulfill the prophecy together! I can't do this alone!*

A voice snapped her out of her thoughts. "Tanglebrook, could you please make your way to the clearing? I need to exchange a few words with Silverpaw before the ceremony." As Tanglebrook slowly padded out of the medicine cat's den, Aspencloud gestured to Silverpaw with her tail.

"Come over here, Silverpaw," Aspencloud said, draping her tail around Silverpaw's shoulders. Silverpaw flinched- the action reminded her too much of her own mother.

"What is it, Aspencloud?" Silverpaw asked, shrugging Aspencloud's tail off of her. She turned to face the medicine cat.

Aspencloud sighed, her eyes downcast. "I know you were thinking about the prophecy," she started, looking off into the distance. Her eyes clouded over. "I really thought that you- both of you- were the ones. But I guess I was wrong." The multicolored she cat fixed her eyes onto the silver tabby. "I hope you understand that no matter what, Dawnpaw and StarClan will always be with you. Now go, Silverpaw. I believe that Minnowstar has something to say to you."

Silverpaw sat in the center of the clearing, the empty shell of what had once been her sister in front of her. Cloudwhisker's body lay

next to Dawnpaw. Minnowstar, who had recently received her nine lives, stood on the great rock, Silverpelt reflecting in her eyes. Around her, Silverpaw could see all her clanmates. The half-blind Tanglebrook looked on with excitement, and Iceleap grinned proudly at her apprentice.

But the one thing that was missing was her family. Neither Ferntail, or Softwing, nor Dawnpaw was with her. She was all alone.

The clearing was silent as Minnowstar started to speak, her voice ringing loudly and clearly. "The battle against Ivy was well fought. We triumphed over the ShadowClan fleabags!" At this the onlookers burst into cheers. Minnowstar continued. "But this did not come without a cost. Cloudwhisker and Dawnpaw have passed onto the stars. Cloudwhisker was a great warrior, and RiverClan will mourn over him for many moons. And Dawnpaw was an apprentice who in every way deserved to be a warrior." She paused, letting her words hang in the air.

"That is why I ask our warrior ancestors to take pity on this apprentice. She has given her life for her clan, just as the Warrior Code has been written. Let StarClan receive her as a warrior." Minnowstar announced. Silverpaw drew in a breath, trembling.

Oh, how I wish I could see you expression right now, Dawnpaw.

"Let StarClan receive not an apprentice named Dawnpaw, but a warrior named Dawnstrike." Murmurs of the name rippled across the clearing, and Silverpaw gazed upon her fallen sister proudly. Minnowstar directed her gaze from Dawnstrike to Silverpaw.

"Silverpaw, you have also followed the warrior code faithfully. Do you promise to uphold the warrior code and protect this clan, even at the cost of your life?" She looked at Silverpaw expectantly, along with the rest of the clan.

"I will," Silverpaw responded quietly but boldly. "Just... Just like Dawnstrike did."

Minnowstar jumped down gracefully from the boulder on which she had been standing on. "Then from this moment on, you will no

longer be Silverpaw, but Silverpool. StarClan honors your loyalty and compassion."

As cheers of her and and Dawnstrike's name erupted around her, Minnowstar touched her muzzle to Silverpool's head.

A haunting breath of a whisper flew into Silverpool's head, and once she heard the familiar tones, her heart seemed to fly out of her chest and join her sister's spirit.

I am so proud of you, Silverpool.

--End of Book Two--

Book 3 of the Whispers of the Shadows series: Shadows Unveiled

[image]

Thank you so, so much for reading Breaking Winds. Please visit Brooke_Writer's account for the next installment of the Whispers of the Shadows series.

A Note From The Authors

In the first book, we showed you some differences between the actual result and the original plans. We realized that those five facts were not the only differences at all! So here are more differences between our thoughts and reality.

1) Some cats in the actual Warriors books were supposed to survive and play a major part in the story. These cats were Susan, Jacque, Rowanstar, and Willowshine. We quickly found out that this was impossible and was one of the factors that led to us deciding to rewrite the series.

2) Dawnkit was originally going to be Susan and Jacque's daughter who ran away from her parents. She would then become the adopted sister of Silverkit, Mistykit, and another littersister called Rushkit. Dawnkit (or Dawn, at the time) was supposed to have two littermates- Sun and Moon.

3) Silverpaw and Bramblefang were supposed to be kidnapped by Susan and Jacque, and Dawnpaw, Troutsplash, Rushpaw, and Mistypaw were supposed to save them.

4) Ivy was supposed to be Lighteye and Jacque's daughter. Looking back on it, this was a ridiculous idea!

5) Silverpaw and Dawnpaw were supposed to find SkyClan and then they were supposed to help us. That is extremely far-fetched, and we decided to take that out.